A little bit of tender mercy

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/40404576.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Caretaking, Aftercare, BDSM aftercare, Hand Feeding, Dom Hannibal Lecter, Sub Will Graham
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of the nsfw stuff, Part 1 of trade fics
Stats:	Published: 2022-07-19 Words: 1,137 Chapters: 1/1

A little bit of tender mercy

by dylan69

Summary

After a rather extensive BDSM session, Hannibal cares for his sub.

"How are you feeling?" Hannibal asked, reaching up and unlatching the ball gag that had been stretching Will's lips.

Will rolled his jaw, adjusting his abused mouth, "Exhausted, but great. I think my muscles have liquified."

"That is the intended effect." Hannibal smiled down and petted Will's hair, "Are you ready for me to undo your binds, or should I leave them on until I can clean you?"

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hannibal came with a grunt, his hips slamming into Will's tender thighs, sending shockwaves up Will's spine. He clawed at Will, tugging at his shoulders for leverage as he spilled inside. Will cried out, seizing as his cock twitched, having his second dry orgasm of the night.

The doctor pulled out, cock softening. He exhaled, heavy and watched some of his cum leak out of Will's worn hole. Hannibal bent over and kissed between the v of Will's hips, right above his spent dick.

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Will considered it, "Leave them on. They're grounding."

Hannibal held his open palm above Will's stomach, pausing for a moment as Will spoke, "Not yet, too much skin contact." Hannibal's darling sometimes became overwhelmed, so Hannibal always waited for permission to touch after a scene.

"What if I play some music and allow you a moment?"

Will made a content noise and turned to bury his head in the bedding. Hannibal stood and grabbed his phone from where it was charging. He opened Bandcamp and started an ambient synth album. The slow, electronic noises always calmed Will.

Hannibal had been confused by the app and the genre of music when Will had introduced them to him. Will had laughed at the older man and called him a geezer. Hannibal had retaliated by spanking Will until he apologized.

The doctor wondered if Will would allow him to place a record player in their sex dungeon. The audio quality was far superior than that of a phone.

Hannibal let Will relax for several minutes, during which he headed to the mini fridge kept in the corner of the room. He pulled out a small charcuterie platter and placed it on the small table next to the bed. He then sat down, watching Will, until the smaller man spoke up, "Alright, I'm ready for touch again."

"How much?"

"Minimal."

Hannibal nodded. He stood and grabbed a clean hand towel. He paused and appreciated his lover. Will was spread eagle, strapped down to the bed. He was blindfolded and decorated in bruises, teeth marks, and his own cum. Will's chest heaved up and down, exhausted.

Hannibal smiled at his handiwork and began to clean their combined cum off and out of the smaller man.

He worked in silence, only listening to the music of Will's breathing and the slow synth tones. Once the cum was cleaned, Hannibal picked up a packet of lavender, wet wipes. He wrinkled his nose at the wipes. In an ideal world, he'd be able to coat a rag in lavender soap to wash Will, but his sub preferred the texture and scent of the wet wipes. The things he did for his boy.

Hannibal cleaned every drop of sweat off Will's body. He paid special attention to Will's armpits, combing through the thicket of hair. He caressed every inch of his boy, making sure he was comfortable.

After Will was dry, Hannibal reached for a jar of bruise cream. He opened the salve, gathered it onto two hooked fingers, and massaged it into Will's wounds. The leather riding crop they'd used left the most delectable marks on his sub's body.

"Are you bleeding anywhere?"

"No, you didn't break any skin, surprisingly."

Hannibal licked one of Will's thighs, following up a long, livid, bruise. Will groaned, "It's not sexy when you lick me now that we've finished. It's just gross."

"How can you blame me, dear Will, when you are so delectable." Hannibal said, lavishing his tongue on the underside of Will's knee.

Will moved his leg so the side of his knee whacked Hannibal across his face, "Weirdo."

Hannibal smiled and lightly bit the skin, then continued to apply the cream. He spread Will's pump asscheeks, revealing a quickly growing bruise. His boy had screamed so beautifully when Hannibal took the whipping crop down onto his hole.

"What did you think of tonight's activities?" Hannibal asked, careful not to let his nails aggravate Will's worn flesh.

"It was good, real good. We're using the fucking machine again."

Hannibal hummed in agreement, "You were wonderfully loose after two hours. I would be interested to see how long you could go on it."

Will shivered, interested but too tired to get hard again, "Yeah, I'd like that a lot."

"I'm finished cleaning, are you ready to be unbound?"

Will nodded. Hannibal untied his blindfold and unlocked the leather cuffs clinging to Will's ankles and wrists. The smaller man was limp on the bed while Hannibal gently flipped him over.

Hannibal picked up a soft blanket, one of Will's favorites, and bundled his lover up, in a formation that Will had called a 'blanket burrito'. He sat on the bed and tugged Will between his legs. His boy's back rested against Hannibal's broad chest. Hannibal folded his arms around Will's torso, snuggling him.

Will shimmied his shoulders, burrowing deeper into Hannibal's touch through the blanket. Hannibal picked up a piece of cheddar cheese and held it up to Will. Will bit into it, playfully nipping at the doctor's fingers. Hannibal smiled, glad to sacrifice the tips of his fingers on the altar of his beloved's lips.

They cuddled, each one the other's anchor. Hannibal fed Will most of the platter by hand, eating a few pieces when Will prompted him to do so. The doctor held a bottle of water to Will's lips, cool liquid soothing his throat.

Will sighed as Hannibal held him, feeling at peace for the first time that day, "Take me to bed?"

"I believe that I just finished doing that."

Will turned and rolled his eyes at the doctor, "You know what I mean."

Hannibal kissed the crown of Will's head and scooped him up. He carried Will, careful to keep him wrapped up tight, into their normal bedroom.

The doctor pulled back the covers and set Will down, "I am going to brush my teeth, care to join me?"

Will grumbled, "Stay. One night of not brushing won't kill us."

Hannibal considered the disgusting taste that would be left in his mouth, then the idea of having to leave his soft, warm, beloved boy for the cold tile of the bathroom. He decided that Will was right, they'd both survive. He climbed into bed, wrapping his limbs around Will like an octopus.

Will shifted, then kissed Hannibal, "I love you so much, Hannibal."

"I love you too, dear boy, now sleep."

End Notes

this fic is for an art trade between me and knight_core! it was a delight to write and im OBSESSED w the art that theyre workin on

fic title is from Absolute Lithops Effect by the mountain goats

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!